

Married Man's Lament;

O R,

Fairly Shot of Her.

To which are added,

The Butcher's Daughter.

The Roving YOUNG MAN.

The Complaint of the Poor.



Entered according to Order,



FAIRLY SHOT OF HER.

O Young men beware of waling a wife,
 For I've got a devil as ever had life :
 I thought her good crop, but I got but a rap of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her,
 Fairly, fairly, fairly shot of her,
 If she were dead, I would dance on the tap of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her.

When I went to court her, she was meek and mild,
 She seem'd to be dumb, till she got me beguil'd,
 Now she roars like a mill, and her tongue is the clap of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.

It was the other day I spoke to her grief,
 She roar'd out like thunder and has put me deaf,
 So if I get a merchant he's get a cheap pack of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.

She lies in her bed till twelve o' the clock,
 Then cries Rogue come hither and warm me a smock,
 Tho' not long ago there was none on the back of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her.

My cows will go yell, and my milk is still sower,
 As I have none to skim it till thrown out of door,
 The cheese that she makes is as tough as the dock of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.

And when she up-rises it's always in haste,
 To the piss-pot or dung-hill before she be lac'd,
 Then down by the fire, with stink you'll keep track of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.



Of her thrift and her spinning, O then she will tell,
 When she was a maiden, was done by herself,
 But now on the fire she will roast the nicknack of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her,
 Fairly, fairly, fairly shot of her,
 If she were dead, I would dance on the tap of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her.

With her lovers and courtiers she was chaste as a dove,
 Though now I find she is pack'd full of love,
 By some of her gallants who has sprung a leak of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.

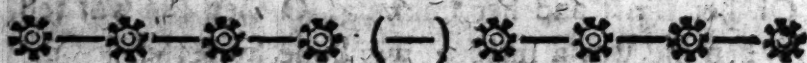
For I found the babe leap as I lay by her,
 I got to my breeches and run to the fire,
 And swore that another had gotten a jot of her;
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.

But she cried out, dear honey be kind,
 There's nought in my belly but a rolling of wind;
 But still it increas'd till the midwife got Jack of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.

Then I swore by my cheese who had gotten the dunt of
 Counting the date that I came to the front of her, (her,
 It was but four mouths since I got the first wap of her,
 O gin I were fairly shot of her, &c.

I got this fire scold at the back of the moor,
 She's dirty, and lazy, and ill to the poor,
 For which I've got up and broken the back of her,
 O well's me now for I'm fairly shot of her, &c.

O could the priest free me that knit us together,
 I'd swear against marriage and ne'er have another,
 But she may go to him who got the first wap of her,
 For I swear from this day I'll be fairly shot of her,
 Fairly, fairly, fairly shot of her,
 Tho' she is not dead, I am fairly quit of her,
 O well's me now I am fairly shot of her.



THE BUTCHER'S DAUGHTER.

COME listen a while all you that love fun,
 I'll tell you a story that lately was done;
 'Tis of a young gallant as I do declare,
 That a beautiful damsel wanted to ensnare.

Fal de ral, &c.

A butcher in St. James's did dwell,
 Had a beautiful daughter, none could her excel,
 She was handsome and pretty nay proper and straight,
 And many a sweetheart upon her did wait.

At length a young nobleman who liv'd just by,
 On this beauty bright chanc'd to cast an eye:
 Said he, I will strive to get her maidenhead,
 But with her I'm resolved never to wed.

He gave her a gold watch and jewels they say,
 And took her each night to a ball or a play:
 She freely consented with him for to wed,
 But all that he wanted was her maidenhead.

He said my dear jewel, if you will agree,
 To let me have this night's, lodging with thee,
 A hundred bright guineas I'll give thee he cry'd,
 And to-morrow morning you shall be my bride.

She said, noble Sir, all hazard's I'll run,
 But if it be known I'm surely undone:
 For when I do come, in the dark it must be,
 Or else I will never surrender to thee.

He gave her the gold and he did her salute,
 And said, my dear creature, I make no dispute,
 My man shall wait on you in the dark, he said,
 And I will go instantly home to my bed.

With kisses they parted, and homeward she went,
And straight for a Blackamoor woman she sent,
She told her the story they quickly agreed,
In some of her clothes she dress'd her with speed,

Five guineas you'll receive when the job it is o'er,
Straightway she conducted the Black to the door,
She gave a soft knock, the footman was near,
And then he conducted her up to her dear.

It being quite dark, he could not see her face,
In amorous manner he did her embrace,
At first she seem'd shy and began for to weep,
But they revell'd in pleasure till they fell asleep.

Next morning the light thro' the curtain did peep,
The nobleman wak'd out of his drowsy sleep,
He thought that his charmer did ly at his back,
And turn'd to embrace her, and found her a Black.

Then in a surprize, he like thunder did roar,
He jump'd out of bed and ran straight to the door,
So naked he ran to the street in a fright,
Crying, I've been kissing the devil all night.

The Blackamoor put on her coat and her gown,
And snatch'd up the rest of her things and ran down,
She said, You had pleasure of me as you lack'd,
Sir, I am no devil although I'm a Black.

He said, I lov'd beauty, methinks I am fitted,
For the butcher's daughter has me outwitted,
I do her commend with all my whole heart,
And for the joke's sake I'll ne'er kiss in the dark.

The people did laugh to hear him say so,
And straight the Black to the beauty did go,
She told her the story she laugh'd heartily,
Saying, I will hear further of this by and by.

Then for the beauty, this noble Lord sent,
 With some of her friends unto him she went;
 He told them the story, they laughed indeed,
 And both to be wedded they quickly agreed, Fal, &c.



THE ROVING YOUNG MAN.

With my long quarter pumps and silken hose,
 And shoes all buckled down to my toes,
 Singing and dancing was all my delight,
 And kissing the lasses has ruin'd me quite.
 Fal de ral, &c.

For first when I a roving went,
 I brought my parents to great discontent,
 Sorrow and trouble upon them I wrought,
 When first to the New Goal I was brought.

Affizes and Sessions drawing near,
 We poor prisoners must appear,
 By a strange Jury for to be try'd,
 To see if we should live or die.

Affizes and Sessions being past,
 And we poor prisoners were all cast,
 Down on our bended knees did fall,
 For transportation we begg'd all.

When transportation we did get,
 Alake! our hearts how they did leap,
 To think we had got such a safe return,
 To escape the gallows call'd Old Tyburn.

When we came to a foreign land,
 Like flocks of sheep there we did stand,
 Some did hallow and some did cry,
 Is there ne'er a rich planter that will us all buy.

I am a smuglar stout and bold,
 And many a pound of good tea I have sold,
 But now to Virginia boys I must go,
 Tobacoo there for to plant and sow.

I am a weaver to my trade,
 I being a wild and extravagant blade,
 Now I must quit my shuttle and loom,
 Since over the herring-pond is my doom.

I am a shoe-maker to my trade,
 And many a fine stich'd shoe have made,
 But now I must pack up my auls and my ends,
 And away to Virginia to see my old friends.

I am a butcher to my trade,
 And many a fine beast in my time have I slay'd,
 But now I must pack up my knife and my steel,
 And over the herring-pond I must wheel.

I am a mercer to my trade,
 I was a wild and extravagant blade,
 I hope the young Ladies won't take it amiss,
 It was their fair faces that brought me to this.



THE COMPLAINT OF THE POOR.

POOOR people of Scotland with tears in their eyes,
 Stand and look at a sixpenny loaf with surprize,
 Our markets so dear, make our hearts for to bleed,
 When they hear their poor children crying for bread.

'Tis the meal-mongers and Bakers causes this grief,
 I think it is time they give us relief,
 If they make their loaves bigger as they make their heads,
 I'm sure we soon shall have plenty of bread.

In every market there's plenty you see,
 And to hold it up dear the farmers agree;
 If they drop their prices they do suppose
 Their sons and daughters can ne'er get fine clothes.

The farmer's old daughter to her mother she cry'd,
 A new fashion'd head dress for me now provide,
 And another new fashion'd form shall be found,
 Our butter we'll sell for a shilling a pound,

The second young miss on her mother did frown,
 Remember the fair, I must have a new gown,
 Dear mother I hope you'll not me controul,
 You can double the price of the eggs and the fowl.

The mother cries daughter, I'll grant your desire,
 I'll dress you up grand, you shall wed with the squire,
 I'll go to the market; the poor I'll oppress,
 Saying the cows give no milk and there's little grass.

We've had a bad harvest as e'er you did see,
 But meal-mongers and Bakers are sure to agree,
 And the farmer is willing to soon let them know,
 There's but little corn and the most of it straw.

How long have we suffer'd and found no relief,
 The butchers lay in their mutton and beef,
 Search this world all over no conscience is found,
 Ask the price of their meat, they say 6d. the pound.

The poor working men are to pity good lack!
 They are loaded with work till their bones do crack,
 They work till they drop and are taken up dead,
 For all their hard labour can hardly get bread.

Let those poor grinding wretches attend to my call,
 Meal-mongers, ingrossers, forestallers and all,
 Let them leave of their tricks, and do so no more,
 Lest hell be their portion for starving the poor.

F I N I S.

